# TELEVISION REVIEW

James F. Kelly (RFK) and Melody Anderson (MM) frolic through USA Network's telepic "Marilyn & Bobby: Her Final Affair."

## USA World Premiere Movie

### MARILYN & BOBBY: HER FINAL AFFAIR

*(Wed. (4), 9-11 p.m., USA)*

Filmed in L.A. by Barry Weitz Films Inc., the Auerbach Co. and Reteitalia Prods. Exec producers, Barry Weitz, Jeffrey Auerbach; producer, Lorin Salob; director-camera, Bradford May; writer, Gerard Macdonald; editor, Dan Cahn; production designer, Joe Rainey; art director, Kurt Meisenbach; sound, Ron Curfman; music, Joseph Conlan.

Cast: Melody Anderson, James F. Kelly, Thomas Wagner, Richard Dysart, Jonathan Banks, Geoffrey Blake, Ian Buchanan, Kristoffer Tabori, Amanda Horan, Neriah Davis, Raymond Serra, Phillip R. Allen, Joey Sagal, Steven Blackwood, Lenore Kasdorf, Scott Yeskel, Marsha Clark, Cassy Friel.

**Cooking up an affair between Marilyn Monroe and Robert Kennedy, writer Gerard Macdonald eyes much of their romance through the eyes of a pair of hoods. The vidpic tries offering a fanciful account of how and why Monroe died; it looks more like another crude cash-in on MM and the Kennedys.**

After a fling with JFK, Monroe turns her guns on Attorney General Bobby Kennedy. He has Hoffa (Thomas Wagner) and mobster Sam Giancana (Raymond Serra) to deal with and J. Edgar Hoover (Richard Dysart) to confuse. In California he openly plays with Monroe, even tooling around with her in her blue convertible; Monroe eggs him on.

Macdonald drops in a pair of Hoffa snoops (Jonathan Banks, Geoffrey Blake), who bug Monroe's home, hole up in a nearby house to spy on her through a rifle scope, follow her and RFK to a moonlit beach and so on.

The whole tasteless mishmash shows how history can be distorted in the hopes that viewers, particularly those knowing nothing of the late principals, will buy this version as the way it all happened. Latching onto even more rumored dirt, Macdonald and director Bradford May reveal a bare-shouldered Hoover awakened in the middle of the night by a man in bed with him.

An overly acted office scene attempts to demonstrate political action by the (unmentioned) 20th-Fox and, in other portions of the telepic, fictional characters drift among celebs in the pulp escapade.

The vidpic's clumsy attempts to puff up what might have been aren't helped by Melody Anderson's way-off looks, makeup or posturings. James F. Kelly almost nails down the RFK mannerisms and vocal shadings, and the looks, if toothy, are OK.

Kennedy family members and admirers, Monroe worshipers and those longing for good, sound writing will be offended; that leaves an undemanding crowd of tabloid readers who'll be delighted at how the vidpic awkwardly tries tearing down its betters. Tech credits are just OK.

—Tony Scott